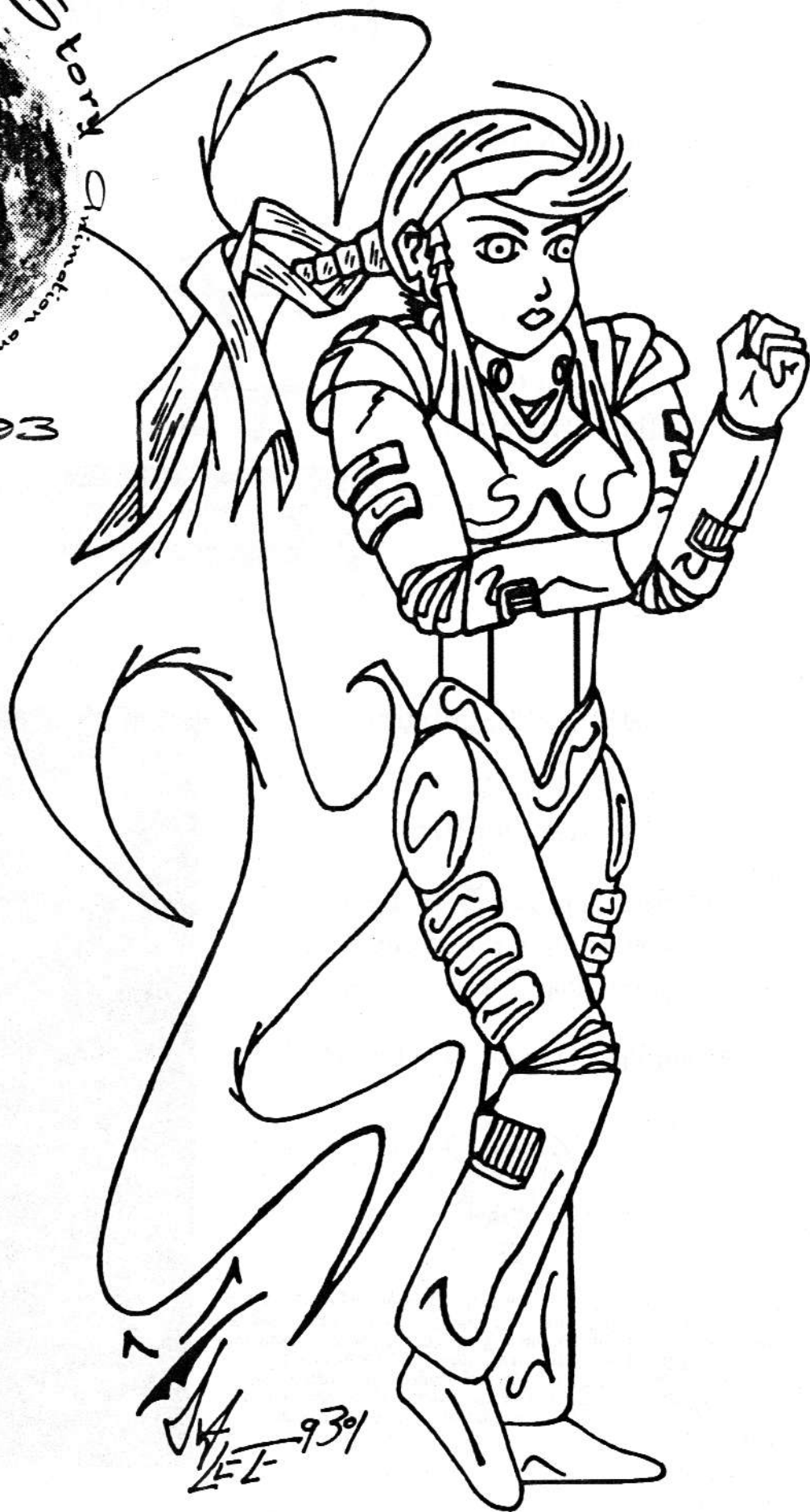




February 1993

**AQUATEC#1  
CYBERPUNK!!  
CAMPUS CONFRONTATIONS OF  
EPIC PROPORTIONS!!!**



# Credits

(Whom To Blame)

Brought to you by ZEN GRAFIX©

Harvey Lee  
Wolf Mikeley



Cam Carers  
Warren Frey

## ZEN GRAFIX

### Additional Contributors

Victor Chan 🍷 Portrait

Lester Yung 🎨 Art

Wallace Harshaw 🛠 Technician

Burhan Syed 🛠 Technician

Theo Wolf 🛠 Technician

Marcellus Wong 🏆 BAKA President

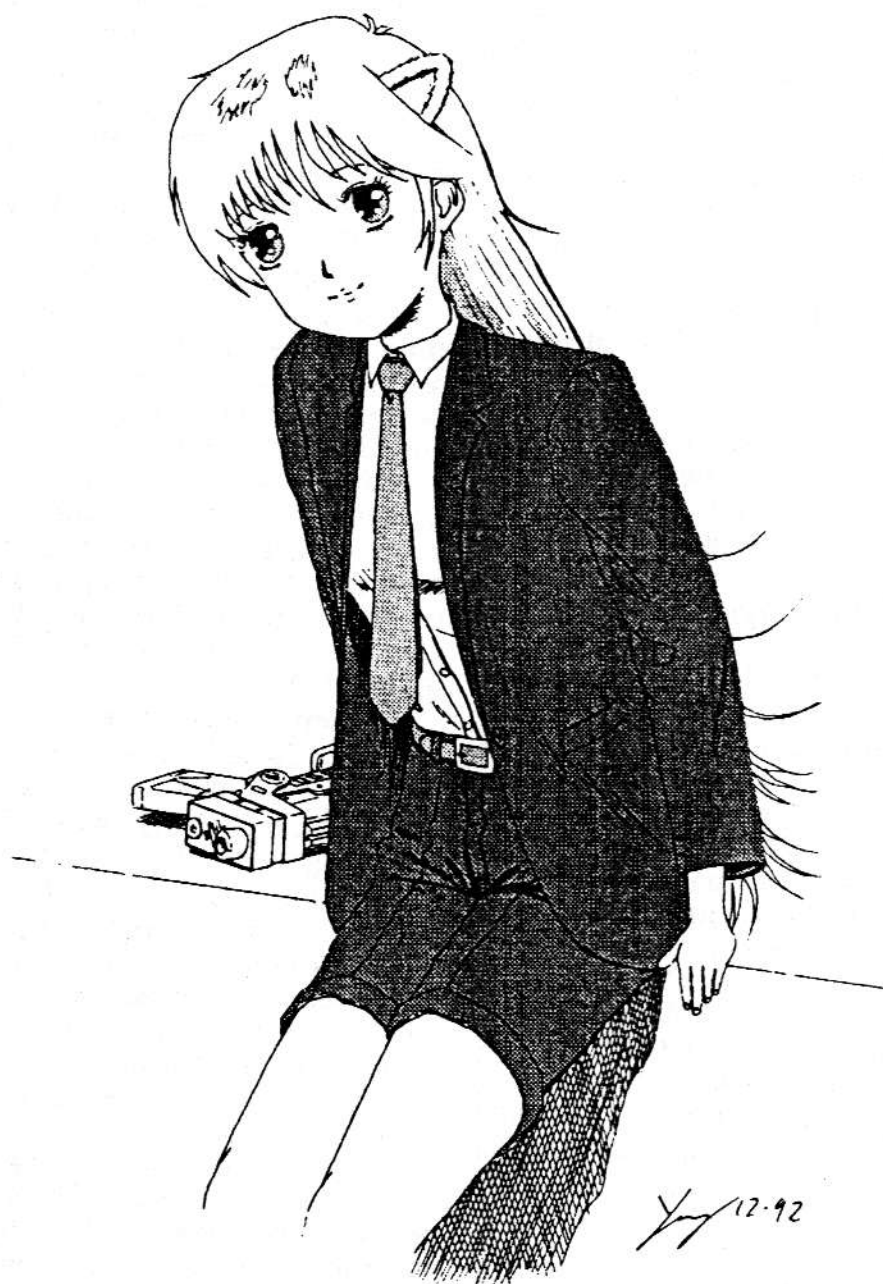


Full Moon Story, issue 1 of , February 1991, lunar publication. This is not an indie, and therefore we aren't trying to elude, pass or weasel out of responsibility for any offense, hardship or upcoming paternity suits. Full Moon Story is an album by Kitaro and we're using the title, but check it out. It's way cool. Phases of the three moons is a song by Andreas Vollenweider and we are also borrowing that. Printed on slaughtered tree pulp for your benefit and enjoyment ya selfish gluttons.



# Content

A Word From The Editors	4
Lunar Retrospective	5
にほんご で きさま と おれ: You and Me in Japanese	6
OpinionatedD: Cyberpunks, etc...	8
Phases of the Three Moons: Blue Phantom 3015 (conclusion)	9
AQUATECH	10
Classifieds	11



# A Word From The Editors

## Wolf Wikeley

*Heavy hearts, token words; all the hopes I ever had fade like footprints in the sand. -Level 42.*



Indeed, once again we have reached the month of February - a month which never fails to make me feel empty and depressed, and I believe I am not alone. No one can solve the world's problems in a day, and that's really what it would take to make everyone unconditionally happy. What pleasant dreams they are, when we see all people, no matter who they are or what they look like, working side by side like brothers and sisters. What pleasant dreams indeed, when we can see faces and hear voices that promise not to desert us, reject us, or ignore the things we feel. These are brilliant fantasies, definitions of a world where I might actually feel free to smile more often, and where I might never be afraid to speak the complete truth.

No matter how different people are, though, don't we all share a part of this dream? Don't we all want to be treated well, listened to, and spoken to? Don't we all want to look around and see people who care, and about whom we care? Are we all just reaching into the sky, trying to grasp the stars that are just too far away?

My answer is that we all do have common goals and needs. We all need to hear the truth from each other if we're to be productive together. There's negativity, there's frustration, and perhaps the solution is not a quick fix. Fear, anger, and depression give one a lot of pain - but they also give one a lot of power, and my point is that that power can be used to do more than hurt back! Never deny that you've been hurt by the world - tell everyone, and thereby give your fellows a chance to learn where perhaps you have not. This is the boldest function of art, for any statement made by someone who's been there before lets you know that no one is ever alone.

## Harvey Lee

*"If we find you in any computer lab on campus, we'll charge you for trespassing."*

-U of A security



Now that's how I want to be treated by security. Like a suspect. Don't get me wrong, all security guards treat me that way. Must be the glasses or something. I wasn't allowed to use U of A property unless I was U of A staff or student. Guess what I wasn't folks. Someone probably made a complaint that my work on FMS was disturbing their computer game. With this little dilemma presented, working on this newsletter became a problem. Actually, facing criminal charges was on my mind a tad. The only place suitable for the layout of FMS is the Mac lab in Biological Sciences, and seeing how I was the only one with ample time on my hands (no life to be seen nearby and main layout man), then measures had to be taken to ensure this publication got into your hands this month.

One solution involved me actually becoming a student with the U of A. If I couldn't get in for the past three years, then how can I get in by deadline? Anyway, if I could afford tuition, then I could afford my own Mac. So why bother dishin' the bucks? **BONG!** Next.

Then there was a brief mention of creative colour photocopying. *"I've always wanted to own a fraudulent piece of identification."* **NO!** Next.

Well it finally came back to this one. I asked John Stasiuk if I could get written permission to use the computers on campus. With Marcellus and Wolf along to prove it was legitimate club business, all was finally set right. Well, after security sent us running around without a clue for a couple of days, we found who to talk to for permission and such.

There is one slight drawback. Wolf is "no longer a U of A student", but he does have permission to use the labs though. The price you pay for victory and a deadline I guess.



# Lunar Retrospective

## Cam Cavers

Things have been fairly quiet on the BAKA homefront this past month; we have a handful of new members - it is nice to see some new faces around the club. There are a few odd things I suppose I *should* mention, though...

First, I'll apologize for any delay in the printing of this monthly. Our principle layout editor, Harvey Lee, was told he could not use the campus computer labs, as he is not a university student. However, Computing and Network Services has allowed Harve to use the labs, since he is working on a University club newsletter. I guess I should thank Harvey for giving those campus security guys something to do on a Friday afternoon... (coming soon, to a theatre near you: "Macintosh Squad: Defenders of Campus Computing" [or *How It Took Four Nazi Strongarms to Accost One Innocent Man* -ed.]).

Also, I am delighted to report that our office-mates Alternativa have survived a second month with us; we may yet set a record for peaceful co-existence in SUB 618... Very few signs of life from the office's other occupants, WUSC, though... Maybe they heard about us...

And finally from the strange happenings department: the latest Nikaku shipment seems to have disappeared somewhere in the mail... Several BAKA members have been seen quietly sobbing. Maybe by the time you read this, it will have turned up, although rumour has it that the shipping crate is sitting on top of the SDF-1's fold engines, wherever they may be. *Jaa, mata.*



# にほんご で きさま と おれ

## You and Me in Japanese

### Wolf Wikeley

*yoroshiku.*

In the last issue of Full Moon Story, we dealt with the conventions of reading foreign words written in Japanese phonetic script. This skill enables one to read some Japanese signs and get some feel for what's going on. But the rest of the situation will be unclear unless one has some knowledge of the Japanese language and culture as well. This article's focus is upon one particular aspect of the Japanese culture, reflected in the language: the usage of rank terms and associated pronouns to refer to first and second person parties.

Before beginning, it is necessary to expose some of the conventions (and un-conventions) that will be used in the exercise. First, for facility of English-speaking readers, Japanese phrases will appear in Romanized script, and not in *kanji* or *kana*. Second, the transliteration system used will be an amalgam of various conventions, with the aim of creating further facility through compromise.

•1. Referring to yourself• Japanese society is characterized by a tendency towards both heteronomy and humbleness. As well, there are several different levels of politeness in speech. These characteristics are reflected in the choice of four first person pronouns to be presented. The following range in order from most polite to least polite:

Watakushi  
Watashi  
Boku  
Ore

In all cases, the literal meaning is "I" or "Me". However, one must be careful of the circumstances in which one uses each of them. If you are introducing yourself to a Japanese person or someone who speaks Japanese a lot better than you, and can be considered superior in rank or position to you, it is recommended to use *Watashi*. It avoids the excessive politeness of *Watakushi* (which sounds almost surly when spoken by foreigners), while maintaining a level of politeness more appropriate than *Boku* or *Ore*. The simplest way to exercise this concept is to memorize a short self-introduction. There are many ways to do this; here is a suitably polite one that any Japanese speaker will understand:

*Watashi wa Waikuri Wolf desu. Doozo*

Translated functionally from Japanese to English, this sentence is "I (topic) Wikeley Wolf am. Please at your convenience". Translated literally, it is better put "I am Wolf Wikeley. Please accept me at your leisure". Note that the family name is given first, and the forename is given second. Also note the absence of any rank term on the name; NEVER, EVER assign yourself a rank term or use it in conjunction with your own name. This is an integral part of the trend of heteronomy and humility in Japanese.

Of course, there are other ways of identifying yourself, for different occasions. For instance, if you introduce yourself to a fellow student who is your inferior, you could just say:

*Yaa, ore Waikuri Wolf da ze.*

Or you might want to impress your teacher or your upperclassperson by being nauseatingly humble and polite:

*Watakushi wa Waikuri Wolf de gozaimasu.  
Yoroshiku onegai itashimasu.*

(Naturally, you would substitute your own name in the sentence patterns!)

•2. Referring to the second person• Although humility is required when referring to oneself, extreme politeness is a must when indicating someone else directly. This is where we encounter the occurrence of rank-terms, usually in the form of suffixes. The six rank terms we will examine are:

Chan  
Kun  
San  
Sempai  
Sensei  
Sama

These rank terms are ordered in approximate order of politeness, and also in order of the re-

spect they show towards the party being indicated. *San* is the most common term used, and it is appropriate for anyone inferior or equal to oneself in rank. To use it, simply add it to the end of someone's family name. For example:

Wong-san  
Koshy-san  
Lee-san

This is not a usage limited to indirect reference; indeed, when talking directly to someone, you should use his or her family name followed by a rank term **INSTEAD** of using an equivalent of the personal pronoun "You". Japanese society finds it impolite and indelicate to refer directly to any other party, or to that party's feelings.

To avoid any chance of misunderstandings, *Kun* and *Chan* will not be emphasized here; they are terms used towards inferiors such as small children and dogs, and by no means should anyone extend their usage towards anyone with a working knowledge of Japanese. But, I must take it upon myself to clarify at this point that *Kun* and *Chan* are **GENDER NONSPECIFIC!!** Either can just as easily be used for a boy as for a girl. Any defiance of that fact indicates that more study is required by the person committing the misuse.

However, the last three terms will prove extremely useful to the beginner at Japanese, since nearly everyone he or she corresponds with in Japanese will be considered superior in rank. *Sempai* is used to address an upperclassperson or a mentor figure who is not a formal instructor and is not that much older than oneself. It can be used as a suffix or independently according to the circumstances. For example:

*Kunoh-sempai, tetsudatte kudasai.*  
*Sempai, tetsudatte kudasai.*

If the person addressed is the same in both cases, then both sentences are polite, and both mean loosely "Kunoh, will you please help me?".

*Sensei* is a term used when referring to either a doctor or a teacher, and again it can be used as a suffix or independently. For example:

*Terakura-sensei, motto yukkuri ohanashi kudasaimase.*

Here, the meaning is "Dr. Terakura, would

you please speak at a more leisurely pace?".

*Sama* is the most polite rank suffix in use, and is only appropriate for lords, generals, or people you really want to impress the pants off. Example:

*Mikimoto-sama, sain onasatte kudasaimase.*

Here, extra humility is shown, as the speaker asks of Mr. Haruhiko Mikimoto "Would you please give me your autograph?".

There are direct equivalents of "You", which should not be used in polite speech unless you have no idea what someone's name is, and hence cannot apply a rank term. In this case, you can use a polite equivalent of "You", or a family term. First, here are the "You" words, in order of decreasing politeness:

*Anata*  
*Anta*  
*Kimi*  
*Omae*

Until you discover someone's name, using *Anata* won't be considered too rude. But otherwise, it is only used by women to refer to their husbands or lovers - so the less you use it, the safer you are! *Kimi* can be used between equally-ranked male friends in an informal setting, or by a man towards a woman who's reached a considerable level of familiarity with him. *Omae* should never be used by the beginner, as it is extremely informal. Unless you're talking to your pet dog, avoid it.

The other option in such a situation is to use a family term applied to the second party in question. Here you must be conscious of the person's age, and **NOT** offend him or her by using an age or gender inappropriate address. The words are:

*Onehsan* (a woman about the age of your sister)  
*Oniisan* (a man about the age of your brother)  
*Okusan* (a woman about the right age to be a wife)  
*Ojisan* (a man about the age of your uncle)  
*Obasan* (a woman about the age of your aunt)

•3. Conclusion• Becoming familiar with the different terms used to address oneself and other persons is an indispensable exercise to understanding the Japanese language and culture. Study of the subtleties of this uniquely polite language is, I believe, both intriguing and highly rewarding.



# OPINIONATED

## Cyberpunks, etc...

### Cam Cavers

Any anime fan who has viewed features such as *Bubble Gum Crisis/Crash*, *Silent Möbius*, and *Akira*, is doubtlessly familiar with the cyberpunk paradigm. The idea of cyberpunk has grown from a fairly small, specific genre to a vague idea of a dark, high tech future. The terms "cyberpunk" and "cyberspace" originate from the William Gibson novel "*Neuromancer*", but *Blade Runner*, the *Running Man*, and the *Max Headroom* TV series have probably brought the most attention to the cyberpunk vision of the future.

Personally, I find the novels that have followed *Neuromancer* to be, well, basically, nerd hero stories. Any story where a **computer programmer** saves the world, and earns the affection of the heroine of the story is, in my opinion, pretty lame. But I'm not saying that Gibson, Sterling, et. al. have nothing to contribute to the literary world. Bruce Sterling has turned out to be a very interesting technology journalist, and some of the ideas first expressed in Gibson's *Neuromancer* could, on further examination, be very interesting stories in themselves. The most pivotal idea to arise from this fiction is perhaps the seamless blending of humans and their machines, certainly a far off idea in a time when the seat of the USA's power, the White House, still runs a 1920s circa switchboard. (expect President Bill to install hot and cold running bytes, tho...)

Cyberspace is no longer just a fictional device, though. It is interesting to see now, with the popularity of virtual reality research, that would-be cyberspace cowboys are jumping up and down saying, "YES!!! Virtual Reality! This is cyberspace!! Finally!!!". I think that we had cyberspace the moment the first guy with a modem opened up a BBS; it may not be high interactivity, but it has paved the way for on-line human interaction.

The cyberpunk movement has spilled over into the various forms of journalistic and artistic media, as well. Its greatest influence on the youth culture is probably best seen in

the world of techno/rave dance music; a large number of the members of techno groups have read cyberpunk fiction, or are aware at least of the general concept of the cyberpunk universe. One only has to look at song titles; you'll find a dictionary of cyber-slang.

The print media is in on the movement, as well. BAKA regulars have probably seen one of a half dozen or so copies of "Wired" floating around the office; promoting itself as a magazine for the Digital Generation (as ironic as that title seems...), "Wired" covers digital technology from the human perspective. Of course, human-technology interaction is what the cyberpunk ideal is all about. Since I don't think we'll be plugging our gray matter into a computer net with an RS232 cable anytime soon, the topics looked at by "Wired" such as

virtual reality, hacking/phreaking, and electronic communication are the height of cyberpunk reality.

Cyber-fiction, like all other science fiction, brings us a highly inaccurate view of the future; however, life imitates art, and cyberpunk pop culture has raised a lot of issues

that will realistically have to be dealt with. The way the average person relates to technology is changing as our technology grows - *exponentially!* Somewhere between the fictional cyberworld and our still largely techno-phobic world lies the true vision of our future.





# Phases of the Three Moons

FMS Story Feature

## BLUE PHANTOM 3015

(conclusion)

Wolf Wikeley

Stryker re-elevated her velocity, and engaged the polarity signature tracking unit. Instantly, the device provided a solid lock on the Phantom, including an automatic radio link and a targeting reticle. The crosshairs lighted on the motionless blue mecha and flashed green. Stryker tensed. Her fingers slipped around on the fire control stick. She summoned up all her curiosity and wonder - and gave them away. Then she punched the missile trigger, launching a pack of six small seekers. Vapour tracks snaked instantly between herself and the Phantom. She waited for the explosions that would signal the death of her mystery. But she didn't quite get what she wanted; the Phantom's wrist lasers cut the missiles apart safely before they reached their target. As the smoke and debris cleared, Stryker saw that the Blue Phantom had hardly even moved.

"Damn you!" she assaulted him, opening up the radio link. "I can't even touch you, you A-Double-Dollar-Hole! What do you want from me?"

Not unexpectedly, there was no response from the sapphire mecha. Instead, its foot thrusters flared briefly, and then its back thrusters kicked in, sending it off on a new course at high speed. But, Stryker mused to herself, obviously nowhere near its top velocity. That meant it wanted to be followed. Stryker did exactly that, matching its speed and a bit more so she'd eventually draw closer. The Blue Phantom was travelling a gradually dropping trajectory that would finally bring it down north of the city, among deserted foothills and sparse trees. Catering to the mecha's unspoken request for privacy, Stryker made sure no other pilots were about to come after her, and then silently went along with the Phantom.

After a long, quietly tense descent flight, Stryker and the Phantom landed together. They stood about ten feet apart, on the top of a small, lonely foothill. Moonlight gleamed on the lustrous surfaces of their red and blue respective armour. Stryker was prepared for anything - fight, flight, or more of the same silence. The Phantom didn't look ready for much at all, but Stryker suspected that impression was deceptive. After about ten minutes, Stryker was driven to anxiously call the Phantom by radio.

"Damn it, it's obvious you're not here to kill me or hurt me... Talk to me. It... It makes me feel uncomfortable, you watching me like this." She couldn't fathom why a soldier would be admitting that to an enemy. Then again, she thought, he didn't apparently intend on being her foe.

"I'm... I'm sorry," came a reply, whisper-quiet but still enough to startle her. And the voice sounded

familiar. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable... I know it makes you feel uneasy when I watch you. You... You turn your eyes away... But I need to look at you."

"Why..." Stryker's body forced her to take a deep breath before going on. "Why have you been stalking me when you could have been talking to me?"

"I couldn't have talked... Like I said, I was intimidated..." It was obviously a difficult admission for the Blue Phantom. "So I decided to meet you at your own level, get to know you in the skies... Even if you're trying to shoot me down, I'm seeing you at your best, and you're seeing me at mine."

"I think... I think I understand." Stryker tried hard to look past the violation of her privacy that the Phantom had committed, tried to accept his motives at face value. "So... Tell me how you feel."

"I, uh... I want to be your... Your friend or your lover. Your choice..." Stryker could sense that the Phantom was getting ready to bolt, afraid he had offended her or poured out his feelings to a person who shared none of them. She walked her mecha through a couple of steps towards the Phantom.

"We are friends; I wanted to show you that this afternoon. And I don't know if this will surprise you at all, but... I can't say I haven't thought further myself. You are a very attractive man. And the uneasiness I feel when you're watching me... Isn't a bad kind of uneasiness..." Stryker had sacrificed much of her personal life to get where she was, and had little experience with interpersonal matters. But she couldn't deny the attraction she felt to the pilot of the Blue Phantom. "I wish I could say I knew it was you all along. It could have been a lot more fun... Shep." She spoke his name, and even though his identity had been clear since his first speech, the announcement of it still carried weight.

"Jess..." he returned. Within the Blue Phantom mecha, Sylvan Sheppard didn't know whether to laugh out loud or to cry. He ended up doing a quiet compromise. "This is all kind of funny in a way... The extremes I've gone to just to tell you I like you."

"It's worth it," Stryker responded. "There are going to be difficulties, guaranteed..." Sheppard knew she referred to his own minor relationship with Ashleigh Bryant. He had no idea of the complications in her own life. "But we could try if you want to."

"I want to," he said sincerely. Then, they walked their mecha together, and gently held each other in a metal embrace. After a while, they parted, and the Blue Phantom pointed upwards. "Let's go flying, Jess."

"You've got it." Together, the Blue Phantom and the Red Rage took to the skies.



# ΔQUΔTECH

## ΔN ORIGINAL SCREAMLINE PICTURES PRESENTATION

Wolf "don't take me seriously" Wikeley

How can the North American public stand the apprehension as they await the arrival of this new incredible animation feature? Brought to you by the same people as the blockbuster hit *Robotech II: The Sentinels*, ΔQUΔTECH is a completely new adventure that will grip your attention, boggle your mind, and rip your heartstrings right out!

Never before have there been characters and situations as bold as in ΔQUΔTECH! In this amazing series, the viewer is introduced to heroic young Rick Striker, a stylish young man with a snappy sense of worldliness and fashion. But, you'll quickly discover that Rick Striker is no ordinary young man - he's been forever affected by the awesome power of ΔQUΔTECH!

Yes - ΔQUΔTECH, the last remnant of an ancient alien culture that crashlanded in the wastelands of China over ten thousand years ago. Using secret psychic forces not fully understood by anyone except the all-powerful ΔQUΔTECH masters, victims of ΔQUΔTECH are forced to change the very shapes of their bodies when they come into contact with hot and cold water! In fact, at some time before the series begins, Rick Striker falls into a mystical Genital Pit (actually the crash site of the ΔQUΔTECH masters) and from that point on, the bane of his manly existence commenced: if he gets hit by cold water, he turns into a beautiful red-haired girl!

He's not alone, either! On that fateful day at the Genital Pit, his father, master samurai Jim Striker, also fell - and forever after, cold water turns him into a fierce Panda Bear! After this tragedy befalls them, Jim and his son Rick journey across the world searching for answers to their problems, while Jim concentrates on Rick's martial arts training - with the goal of one day turning him into an ΔQUΔTECH master

himself!

Aside from martial arts, marital arts are in the works, too, as the Strikers pay a visit to Mr. Hammer, an old friend of Jim's. Rick is understandably disquieted when he meets Hammer's daughter, Annie Hammer, and is told that he must either marry her or die. Easily enough said by Jim Striker, who knows full well that once Rick's body has reached the threshold of carnal satiation, he'll escape the curse of the Genital Pit forever. But not so easily understood by Rick, who has never been told the whole story by his father, and who has a big problem of his own anyway. Even though he's always calling Annie "cute" and "erotic", he knows he can never truly love her. Because Rick Striker has fallen in love with his own female self!

How deep can the plot of ΔQUΔTECH get? There's still more to this incredible story, because Rick's classmate and rival kung fu warrior Ken Canoe has sworn to slay Rick, and bed both Annie and that "beautiful red-haired girl" at the same time! Little does Canoe realize that the man he hates is also the woman he most desires.

And you will never forget ΔQUΔTECH's boldest, most heroic character. Formerly Rick's best friend, now amateur judo artist Robert Slayer is out for vengeance against Striker. He comes into town looking to kill Rick for a crime committed long ago. But as soon as he lays eyes upon the beautiful Annie Hammer, he can't keep his mind on anything else. A secret relationship develops between Annie and Robert, completely behind Annie's back, as Robert uses his mastery of the psychic powers of ΔQUΔTECH to change himself into a Vietnamese pot-belly pig and sleep with Annie every single night! If only Rick Striker knew, he might kill them both. But alas, like so many tragic figures, he knows only his own pain.

Catch the thrills, chills, and excitement of this original SCREAMLINE PICTURES production! Nobody can wait to feel the power of everchanging, everlasting love!



# CLASSIFIEDS

Advertising rate on an issue to issue basis: Members 50¢. Non-members \$1.00. Full page \$3.00.

## AC ~~7~~ TUNING!

Now that we have your attention, this is a good time to tell you of our new classifieds section.

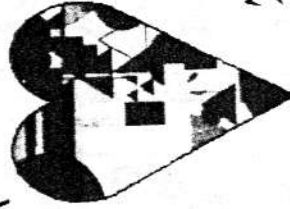
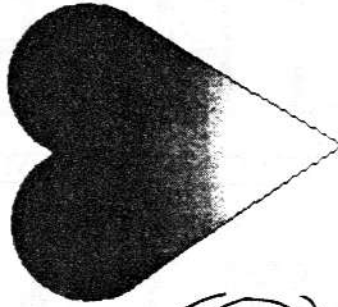
*“FMS now has a classifieds section.”*

So bring any advertisements to the editors and you might be able to have something sold. If nothing else, you'll see your name in print.





# Happy Valentine's Day



2/14/77

